

British Radicalism

Sweeping Economic and Political Changes Advocated In Works by G. D. H. Cole and J. A. Hobson

"LABOR IN THE COMMONWEALTH." By G. D. H. Cole. D. W. Huebsch, New York.

"DEMOCRACY AFTER THE WAR." By J. A. Hobson. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Professor Cole and Mr. Hobson agree that the present British social order stands in need of drastic reform, but they differ somewhat in their methods of criticizing and attacking it. Professor Cole, a Socialist, lays most stress upon the desirability of certain changes in the modern economic system. Mr. Hobson, a Liberal with some distinctly radical tendencies, feels that the wholesale application of democracy in many fields of activity is the best solvent for the ills he wishes to cure.

Both authors draw up much the same bill of indictment against the British state as it stands at the present time. Both see power concentrated in the hands of a grasping minority, which prevents the proper functioning of democracy through its control of the press, the schools, the Church and the courts. Mr. Hobson also takes a leaf out of our own pacifist's book by inveighing against the alleged malevolent influence of armament manufacturers in promoting an aggressive foreign policy and stirring up trouble with other nations. Professor Cole insists that the Marxian doctrine of the class struggle is the key to the present world situation, whereas Mr. Hobson eschews this distinctly socialistic formula.

Industrial democracy is a loose phrase that means many things to many people. To Professor Cole it signifies the sweeping away of the modern organization of industry, based upon discipline and rewards, and the substitution of a new order based upon voluntary cooperation. To the ready objection that men simply would not work and produce adequately under such Utopian conditions, he replies with the simple dictum:

"Set men free and I believe that they will turn by instinct to the making of good things well."

However, the following passage shows that he is not altogether blind to the possibilities of chaos inherent in any immediate drastic revolution:

One imagines, and I suppose no one imagines, that if the world could be, and were, set free from capitalism tomorrow men would suddenly recover the art of arts, or, for that matter, the art of politics, or of the commonwealth. They would probably make a very great mess alike of the art of government and of the arts of production and service. But there would be a vital difference between that mess and the present condition of the commonwealth. For the mess which free men would make would be alive and would have the character of free, if chaotic creatures, whereas our condition to-day is largely that of spiritual death and stagnation.

Professor Cole has a word of sympathy for the downtrodden middle class, which he describes as crushed between the wealth power of capital and the man power of labor. He is convinced, however, that its best chance of escape lies in a definite alignment with labor. He mentions a number of technical and professional unions which have already been formed in England.

Mr. Hobson devotes two-thirds of his book to a consideration of the enemies of democracy and one-third to a discussion of ways and means of combating them. He upholds the old Liberal ideology of Bright and Cobden—free trade, pacifism, personal liberty, with a superposition of animosity to capitalism and zeal for the cause of labor. He is opposed to the syndicalist tendency prevalent in some labor circles, and believes that the faults which he sees in the body politic can be eliminated by a vigorous and intelligent use of the ballot box.

Of the two books Professor Cole's reveals a more eloquent style and a deeper and more analytical study of modern economic conditions. Both authors live up to the tradition, common to all Englishmen of all shades of opinion, of presenting their case fairly and reasonably before the forum of public opinion.

A Boy's Idyl

Fine Sketches of a Small Town Boyhood

FARMINGTON. By Clarence Darrow. Published by B. W. Huebsch.

It would seem to be as fine a piece of publishers' enterprise to rescue from oblivion an interesting book as it is to bring out a new one. B. W. Huebsch has accomplished this in issuing a new edition of Clarence Darrow's "Farmington." This was first published in 1904, when it went through two editions, and the present new one serves to point that it is distinctly worth a new lease of life.

There is in these recollections of a small town boyhood not only a feeling for youth, but also a feeling for truth. Inevitably, no adult may break the enchantment hanging over youth. In that receding glow all his growing pains are so easily softened to tenderness and humor that honesty about it becomes as rare as it is difficult. Mr. Darrow views his own youth as wistfully as a man nearing fifty must, but he does not capitulate to it with sentimentality.

These sketches of a boyhood spent in a crumbling old mill in a river town flow with reality because Mr. Darrow has kept the stream of his human values clear. Though the district school, the wide swimming hole, the church and the old burning ground, the old characters of the swinging round of personal occupations are orthodox symbols of tenderness, there is no orthodoxy in Mr. Darrow's perceptions of youth. He is opposed to the syndicalist tendency of the district school fostered! What absurd inconsistencies of human conduct the adult world of parent and teacher insisted upon! What absurd pretensions of nobility and what pitiful inadequacies of accomplishment a child might see about him!

All the homely figures and experiences that these sketches embody are miraculously saved in their commonness without congealing into the typical. He old miller, his father, whose thwarted passion for learning made him a tyrannical taskmaster, is an extraordinarily moving and human figure. A child has not the adult's passion for idealization. In the recreation of him and half a dozen other figures in the book there is a child memory free of sentimental posturing. "As to my father, I am sure I never thought he was a man of extraordinary power. In fact, from the time I was a little child I often urged him to do things in a different way, especially as to his rules about my studies and my school. I have believed that he ran the mill in the best way, and I used to think that other men were stronger or richer or kinder to their children than my father was to us."

As a child I had no doubts that any man could create conditions for himself. The copybooks had told me so, and the teachers had assured us in the most positive way that our success was with ourselves. It took years of care and toil to show me that life is stronger than man, that conditions control individuals. This fine honesty results in a finer poetic understanding, a truer tenderness.

The humor of boyhood—company manners and rules of conduct and all the intense seriousness of youth—are irresistibly present in this book. Darrow does not stress it as Mark Twain or Booth Tarkington do, but a fine humor is the rippling undercurrent of a piece of work that is distinguished for its charm and simplicity and truth.

R. D.

British Soldiers

Mr. Graham Interprets Spirit of the Tommies

A PRIVATE IN THE GUARDS. By Stephen Graham. The Macmillan Co., New York.

Stephen Graham may be expected to give a psychological coloring to any narrative he writes that concerns man in action or in moods of reflection. His "A Private in the Guards" is as close a study of the mind of the British soldier as was his "The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary," of the mental habits of the Russians of the East and of the West. Kipling led us up to the dividing line between the physical life of the man in the ranks and the quiet and often violent reactions of his spirit to the restrictions of the service. Graham crosses the line and gives us adequate and undeniably true pictures of the struggle to make soldiers from raw human material, and of the moods of depression and exaltations of this same material when once in step, "going strong."

His book is to be ranked with the members of the little shelf of books on the life and mind of the life of the soldier as evidenced in his speech and in his spontaneous acts. Hunley and Boyd Cable are also represented on this shelf, with a corner for "Battleground" on the man of the British navy.

Readers of the book columns of The Tribune will be interested in Graham's chapter on "Thinking and Talking," in which he gives us a glimpse of the British soldier as an interpreter of the English lower-class acquaintance with the glories of the national literature. He found that no one knew anything of literature. Our national glories of the word were naught to his mates. They were deaf to the songs which should thrill and inspire. Shakespeare was a mere name. Tompkinson and Keats were unknown. Dickens and Scott were little more than names. Occasionally one found a lover of Dickens who craved in the trenches for Pickwick Papers; occasionally one met a man who loved the tales and romances of Sir Walter Scott.

But these same men, to whom the majesty of English literature never had been revealed, knew the glory of the empire's past as made manifest in war, and enlisted under the colors of a famous regiment, the Scots Guards. They wanted to fight with men who represented Great Britain's history. And out of this spirit came a splendid devotion, a story of heroism that is the glory of the British book to a high level in our long line of books on the great war.

Our Red Cross

Official History of Its War Achievements

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS IN THE GREAT WAR. By Henry H. Dutton. The Macmillan Company, New York.

The far-reaching and multifarious activities of the American Red Cross in the recent war are described with a wealth of accurate detail in this book by the chairman of the organization's war council. The ramifications of the work for mercy were innumerable; they include everything from the ingathering of not cups of coffee to American soldiers on their way to cantonments.


Dust of New York

Berkovici at His Best In Tales of East Side

DUST OF NEW YORK. By Konrad Berkovici. Bantam & Liveright, New York.

In "Dust of New York" Konrad Berkovici has tried conscientiously to transmit that prismatic flashing of strange nationalities of which the East Side of the color of New York is composed. Hungarian, Turk, Russian, Jew, Rumanian, Italian—each have brought to some quarter of the city something of the strange color and air of their native lands, and Berkovici has tried to capture the mood of each in some characteristic tale of fiction.

But he seems to have spread too wide a net. He is not versatile enough in imagination or manner to capture so wide a sweep of romance. But when he treads firmly on ground on which he is at home he shows a shrewd humor. There is no doubt of his intimate knowledge of the East Side, and he presents it in a group of broadly humorous stories in a fashion that is reminiscent of Bruno Zessing. "The Marriage Broker's Daughter" is an amusing bit of caricature—with a sharper wit and better finish of character drawing than such caricatures usually have. "The Troubles of Perfect Type" and "Because Goldstein Could Neither Read Nor Write" are slight, but amusing. The volume represents an ambitious attempt to present a very wide range of stories with a limited technique.



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"Piggie" by Miss Gates

Charming Story Suffers in a Test of Type

"PIGGIE." By Eleanor Gates. Published by D. Appleton & Co.

Print makes the book as surely as clothes make the debutante. That is why our heart aches for this unfortunate little story. A light-hearted child of a whimsical brain, surely it was born to be adorned with beautiful clear type and fine colored plates. It would then dance its way into all childish hearts, taking its place with the well beloved B'r'er Rabbit and Teddy Bear stories. We can hear the six-year-old laughter ringing out over the merry adventures of the fat little pig who fought the garden hose, and see the most prim little maids change their dignity for dimples in the final glorious chapter where Piggie is the greased hero of a Fourth of July picnic.

But alas! for the printers' strike. The little story that was born to be beautiful has been made the victim of a publisher's desire to experiment with typewritten print. The story was written on the typewriter, the typewritten pages were then photographed and the book printed from the photographic plates. The publishers claim to be enthusiastic about the process and herald it as a forerunner of a form in which all books of the future will be printed, but we prophesy that the publishers will return to the old-fashioned print as quickly as possible. These pages are unattractive, typewriting at best being more difficult to read than print, and this particular typewriting (owing, perhaps, to remediable defects in the printing process) being spotted with blurred letters and uneven spacing.

The physical defects of the book once ignored, however, it is possible to enjoy the story as one of the most charming tales of animal life which has been written for many years. It has style and humor, as well as the usual good nature of the tellers of young animal stories.

Piggie, the brightest and fatest of a family of twelve, is made the pet of Two Legs, and thus falls heir to many an adventure in farmyard and fish pond, which is denied to the ordinary piglet born only to be bacon. However, Piggie, like many another victim of a little knowledge, thinks he can take care of himself in the great world, and runs away, to delicious adventures in the woods. For a time the wisdom he learned in the companionship with Two Legs enables him to lord it over the other animals, but in the end, of course, he is captured by hostile Two Legs and is only saved at the very end by his young master after terrible times.

For the Advertiser

Valuable Hints in Book By Frederick J. Allen

ADVERTISING AS A VOCATION. By Frederick J. Allen. The Macmillan Company, New York.

The author, who is connected with the Harvard University bureau of vocational guidance, has rendered a service to the advertising profession as a whole through this book, which holds out a guiding hand to the raw recruit in this attractive field and is calculated to eliminate the uncertainty habitually experienced by beginners. This uncertainty, with its consequent lost motion, has long been a stumbling-block in the way of developing new men rapidly enough to satisfy the insistent demand.

Mr. Allen has done what no other advertising writer has attempted in book form. He has searched into every nook and cranny of the expansive structure of advertising practice, and has analyzed its possibilities and exacting requirements in a thoroughgoing, orderly manner, from the viewpoint of the potential advertising man.

Any one considering advertising as a vocation will do well to read this book if he would win his way to the goal by the shortest possible route. However, the book is by no means of

Boris Godunov

He who holds the opinion that Russian drama is simple and sluggish is supported by Pushkin's historical drama, "Boris Godunov," which is as slow as one could wish to find in Russian or any other language. What attraction the piece has comes from a certain charm of verse the translator has given it and it is doubtful if the original excels the translation.

The situation is simple. Boris Godunov becomes Czar through the murder of the Czarovich, who would naturally have succeeded his father. A young monk in a Lithuanian monastery simultaneously gets frisky and decides to abandon the cloister career. He also decides to become Czar of Russia—a decision often reached by young Russians of low rank. Accordingly, he pretends he is the slain Czarovich, and by great aplomb and cleverness the pretender succeeds Boris Godunov.

W. M. T.

"They don't write such English nowadays. The book is charming."

—The New York Sun.

Dr. Willis Fletcher Johnson, of The Tribune:

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Preachy? Not a bit of it. He'll lead you into delightful Bohemia, sip some punch with you in an historic Boston Alley, conduct you to all that is truly best on the other side—go with you to the theatre, there or here—take you Behind the Scenes if you like, tell you about the art, the pleasures of the playhouse, with never a word or thought of the sensualistic rubbish that features only the flesh-mummer, her toothbrush brilliancy and the stage door—that leads to so many family scandals, domestic wreckage and divorce.

MY UNKNOWN CHUM

("AGUECHEEK")

Foreword by HENRY GARRITY

"An Ideal Chum." You will read it often and like it better the oftener you read it—once read it will be your chum, as it is now the chum of thousands. You will see France, Belgium, England, Italy and America—men and women in a new light that will make it the Chum of the home, of your traveling bag—and an inspiration for letters. "It has naught to do with the horrors of war."

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U. S. SENATOR DAVID I. WALSH, of Massachusetts:—"The only book he has ever endorsed to the public." "My Unknown Chum—I cannot too strongly express the pleasure and companionship I found in this excellent book. It is all that is claimed for it—even more. It is not only a companion, but a friend."

PHILIP GIBBS, the brilliant War Correspondent:—"My Unknown Chum" is delightful."

THOMAS G. PATTEN, Postmaster, New York:—"My Unknown Chum" is the most companionable book I have ever read."

EX-MAYOR JAMES LOGAN, Worcester, Mass., Vice-Chairman Y. M. C. A.:—"I friend gave me a copy of 'My Unknown Chum' and since then I have given away about ten or twelve copies. I recently made a trip to San Francisco and took 'My Unknown Chum' with me for a second reading from cover to cover, a thing I have not done for thirty years, i. e., read a book the second time. It is wonderfully interesting."

THE BAKER & TAYLOR COMPANY—the largest wholesale booksellers:—"My Unknown Chum" is a wonderful book—appeals to the cultivated classes. Has a remarkable sale. We sell more copies than we do of many 'best selling' novels."

ALICE M. BRADLEY, author of the Belasco production "The Governor's Lady":—"The title, 'My Unknown Chum,' most aptly describes the book. It is a chum, a confidant, with old-time manners and all-time observation and philosophy. He takes you with him and delights you. What delicious humor!"

SIR CHARLES FITZPATRICK, Chief Justice of Canada:—"My Unknown Chum" is a wonderful book. I can repeat some of the pages almost by heart. I buy it to give to those I love and to friends who can appreciate a good book."

Note: When you cross the Atlantic "My Unknown Chum" will (if you've read it) be your chosen comrade. A special travel edition ready in March.

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